

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BY RUDYARD
KIPLING

with illustrations by
W. Heath Robinson



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A SONG OF THE ENGLISH



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HEATH
ROBINSON



WE ARE WAITING BY THE TRAILS
THAT WE LOST



A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BY RUDYARD
KIPLING



illustrated by
W. HEATH ROBINSON

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One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open door.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

VI. THE SONG OF THE CITIES :—

BOMBAY

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen.

CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built.

MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow.

RANGOON

Hail, Mother ! Do they call me rich in trade ?

SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother ! East and West must seek my aid.

HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother ! Hold me fast ; my Praya sleeps.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE SONG OF THE CITIES—*Continued*

HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose.

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed.

CAPETOWN

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand.

MELBOURNE

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place.

SYDNEY

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good.

BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

THE SONG OF THE CITIES—*Continued*

HOBART

Man's love first found me ; man's hate made me Hell.

AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart.

VII. ENGLAND'S ANSWER

Truly ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless than to ban.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

1. *Frontispiece.* Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
2. Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!
3. Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
4. Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors.
5. Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!
6. Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

7. Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

8. On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-serub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

9. Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown :
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own !

10. When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby.

11. We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.

12. If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

13. There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned ;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.

14. The wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.

15. Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth—
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

16. Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in—
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.
Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe ;
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.

17. BOMBAY.

18. CALCUTTA.

19. MADRAS.

20. RANGOON.

21. SINGAPORE.

22. HONG-KONG.

23. HALIFAX.

24. QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

25. CAPE TOWN.

26. MELBOURNE.

27. SYDNEY.

28. HOBART.

29. AUCKLAND.

30. Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by ;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH



II

HE HATH SMOTE FOR US A PATHWAY TO THE
ENDS OF ALL THE EARTH

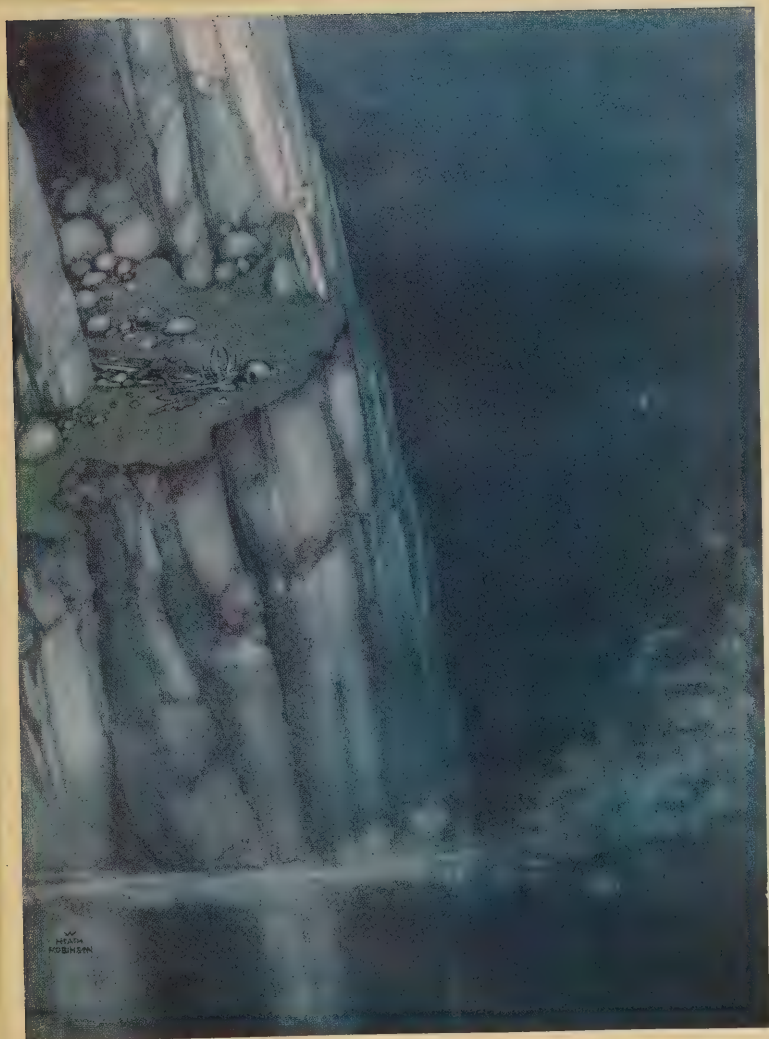
Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!

(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)

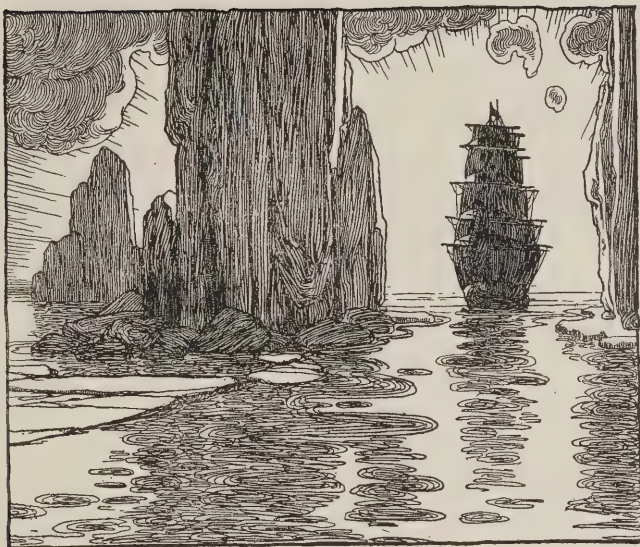
For the Lord our God Most High

He hath made the deep as dry, ..

He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!



A SONG OF THE ENGLISH



Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!

*(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your
mirth!)*

For the Lord our God Most High

He hath made the deep as dry,

*He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of
all the Earth!*



*Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went
from righteousness—*

*Deep in all dishonour though we stained our
garments' hem.*

Oh be ye not dismayed,

Though we stumbled and we strayed,

*We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall
deal with them!*



*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers
sealed us ;*

*Whoring not with visions—overwise and over-
stale.*

*Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask
them treble-tale !*



*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and
bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know
we serve the Lord!*

.

*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing
worth.*

*Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends
of all the Earth!*



THE COASTWISE LIGHTS



III

THE SWINGING, SMOKING SEAS

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on
our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking
seas.

IV

ON THE LINELESS, LEVEL FLOORS

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level
floors.

V

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of
the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to
main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back
again!



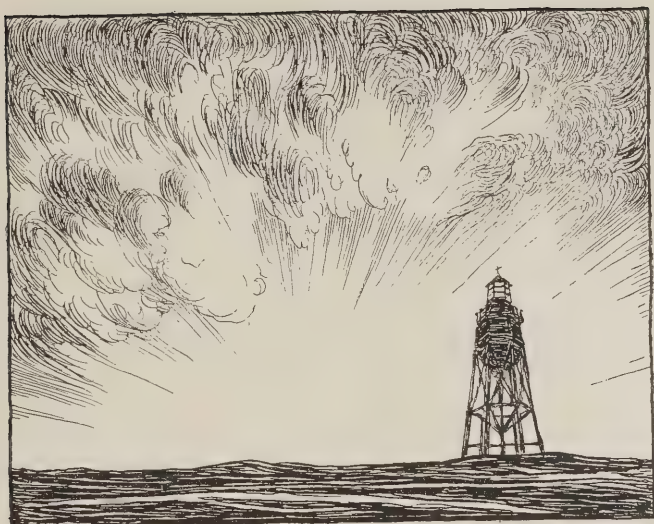




THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

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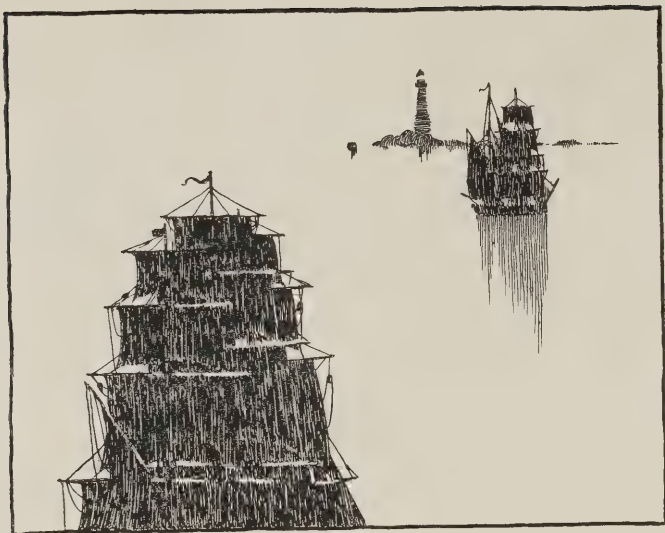


Our brows are bound with spindrift and the
weed is on our knees ;

Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swing-
ing, smoking seas.

From reef and rock and skerry—over head-
land, ness, and voe—

The Coastwise Lights of England watch the
ships of England go !

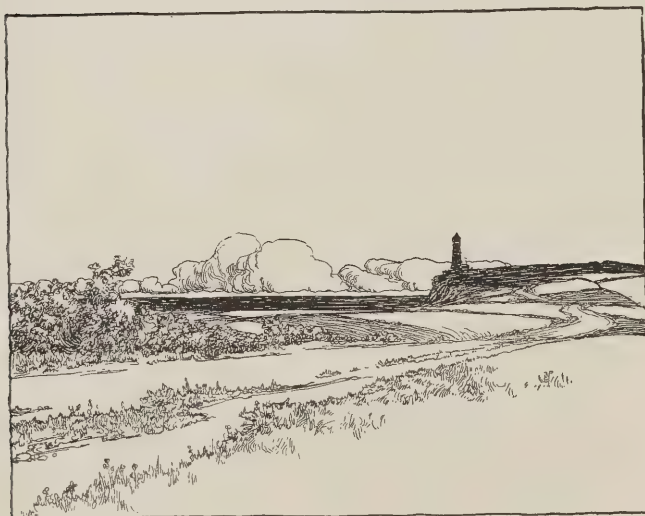


Through the endless summer evenings, on the
lineless, level floors;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when
the siren hoots and roars—
By day the dipping house-flag and by night
the rocket's trail—
As the sheep that graze behind us so we
know them where they hail.



We bridge across the dark and bid the helms-
man have a care,
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his
sleeping wife to prayer ;
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind
in burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race
the Southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,
Leith, and Hull;
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of
the sea—
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers
of Dundee!



Come up, come in from Eastward, from the
guardports of the Morn!

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of
the Horn!

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave
us, main to main,

The Coastwise Lights of England give you
welcome back again!





Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-
crust on your plates ;

Go, get you into London with the burden of
your freights !

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say,
if any seek,

The Lights of England sent you and by
silence shall ye speak !

THE SONG OF THE DEAD



VI

CAME THE WHISPER, CAME THE VISION

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with
the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

VII

THEN THE LAST WATER DRIED

Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last
water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

VIII

ON THE SAND-DRIFT—ON THE VELDT-SIDE

On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrub we
lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

IX

FOLLOW AFTER

Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

X

WHEN DRAKE WENT DOWN TO THE HORN

When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby.

X I

SHE CALLS US, STILL UNFED

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.

X I I

LORD GOD, WE HA' PAID IN FULL!

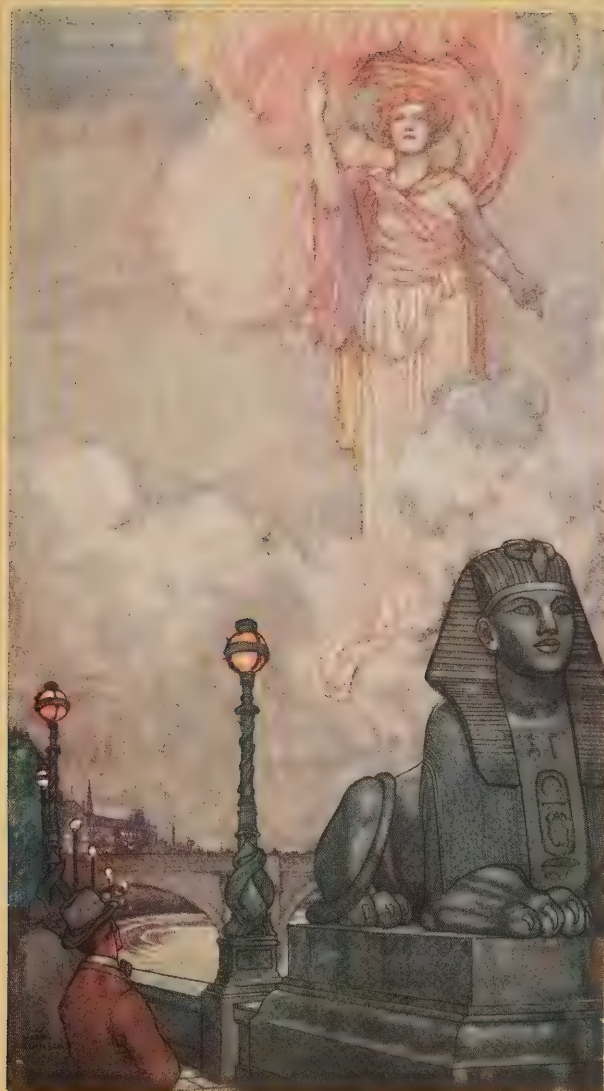
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

X I I I

BUT DROPS OUR DEAD ON THE SAND

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.

















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OF HARRY J. HARRISON

THE SONG OF THE DEAD



*Hear now the Song of the Dead—in the North
by the torn berg-edges—*

*They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their
hide-stripped sledges.*

*Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by
their skeleton horses,*

*Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through
the dust of the sere river-courses.*



*Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-
rotted jungle hollows,*

*Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the
brake of the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens,
the waste that betrayed them,*

*Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the
camp and the grave-mound they made them;*

Hear now the Song of the Dead!

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the
man-stifled town;

We yearned beyond the sky-line where the
strange roads go down.

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came
the Power with the Need,

Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent
us to lead.

As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—
from the herd where they graze,

In the faith of little children we went on our
ways.





Then the wood failed—then the food failed—
then the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down
and died.

On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the
fern-scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones
on the way.

Follow after—follow after! We have watered
the root,

And the bud has come to blossom that ripens
for fruit!



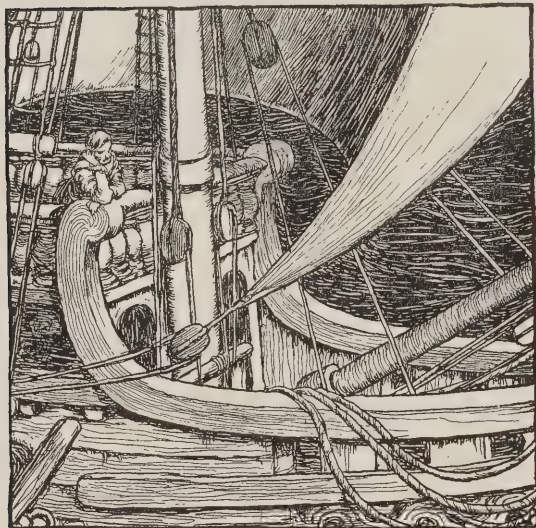
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails
that we lost,

For the sounds of many footsteps, for the
tread of a host.

Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is
sown :

By the bones about the wayside ye shall
come to your own !

*When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby!)*



*Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(By day nor yet by night)*





But standeth even so

As now we witness here,

While men depart, of joyful heart,

Adventure for to know

(As now bear witness here!)



II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!



There's never a flood goes shoreward now

But lifts a keel we manned;

There's never an ebb goes seaward now

But drops our dead on the sand—

But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,

From the Ducies to the Swin.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand

years,

For that is our doom and pride,

As it was when they sailed with the *Golden
Hind*,

Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef

Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!



THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

XIV

THE WRECKS DISSOLVE ABOVE US

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from
afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white
sea-snakes are.

XV

IN THE WOMB OF THE WORLD

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of
earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor
feet.

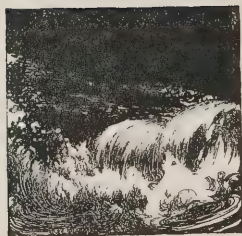


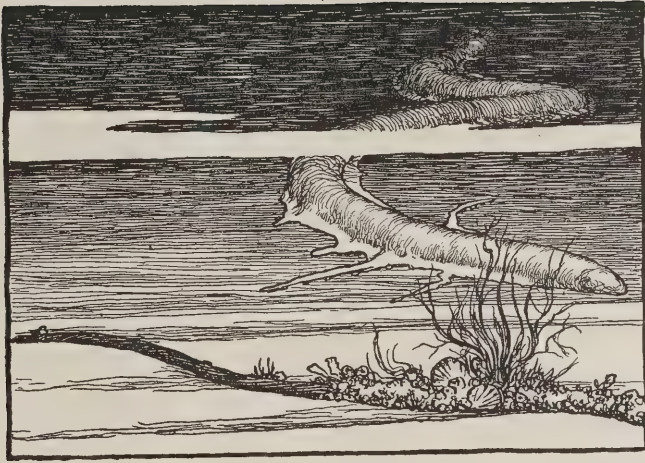
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THE DEEP-SEA CABLES



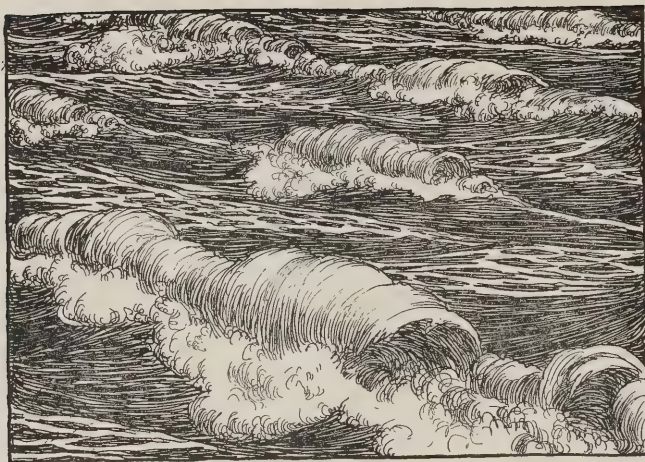


The wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops
down from afar—

Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the
blind white sea-snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the
deserts of the deep,

Or the great grey level plains of ooze where
the shell-burred cables creep.



Here in the womb of the world—here on the
tie-ribs of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and
flutter and beat—

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and
mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has
neither voice nor feet.



They have wakened the timeless Things; they
have killed their father Time;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from
the last of the sun.
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the
ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between: whispering,
'Let us be one!'

THE SONG OF THE SONS



XVI

WE THAT WERE BRED OVERSEAS

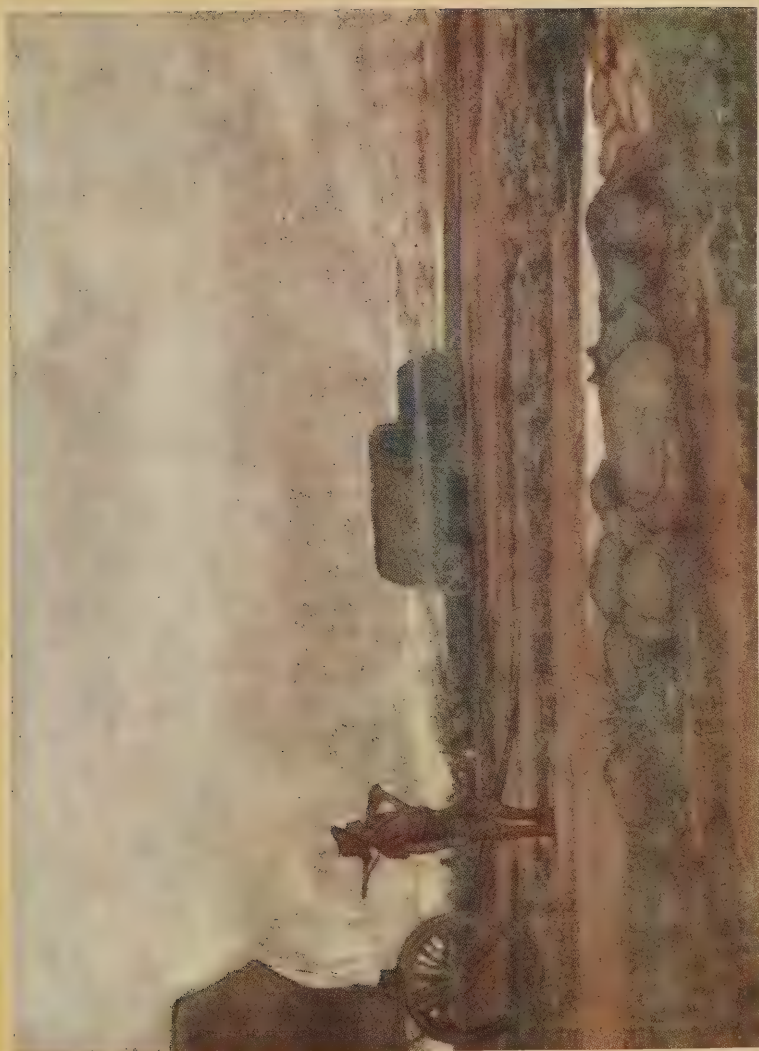
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call
them in—

We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with
our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and gibe ;
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.



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THE SONG OF THE SONS



One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an
open door—

Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons
have more !

From the whine of a dying man, from the
snarl of a wolf-pack freed,

Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be
proud of thy seed !

Count, are we feeble or few ? Hear, is our
speech so rude ?

Look, are we poor in the land ? Judge, are
we men of The Blood ?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother,
go call them in—

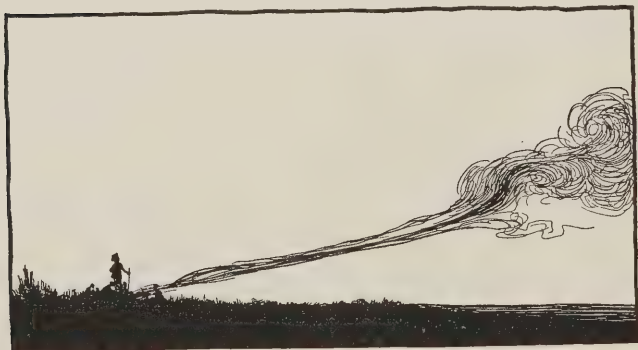
We that were bred overseas wait and would
speak with our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout
and gibe ;

Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts
for a bribe.

Gifts have we only to-day—Love without pro-
mise or fee—

Hear, for thy children speak, from the utter-
most parts of the sea !



THE SONG OF THE CITIES



XVII. BOMBAY

XVIII. CALCUTTA

XIX. MADRAS

XX. RANGOON

XXI. SINGAPORE

XXII. HONG-KONG

XXIII. HALIFAX

XXIV. QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

XXV. CAPETOWN

XXVI. MELBOURNE

XXVII. SYDNEY

XXVIII. HOBART

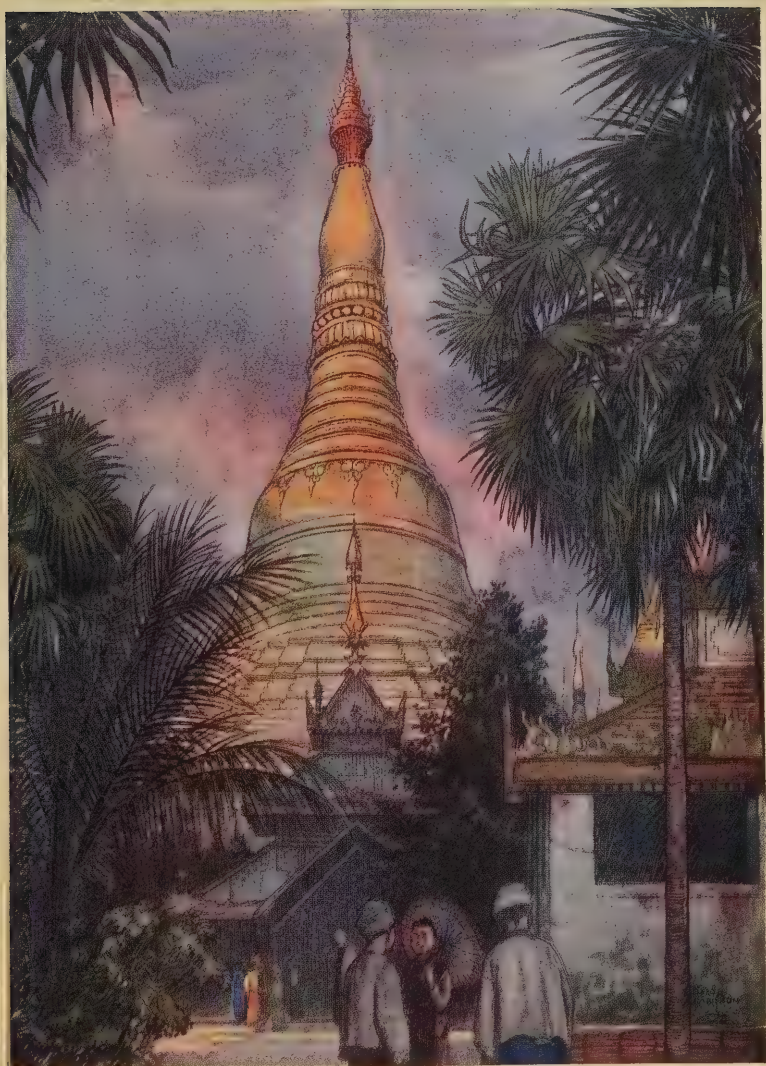
XXIX. AUCKLAND





W
HEATH
ROBINSON

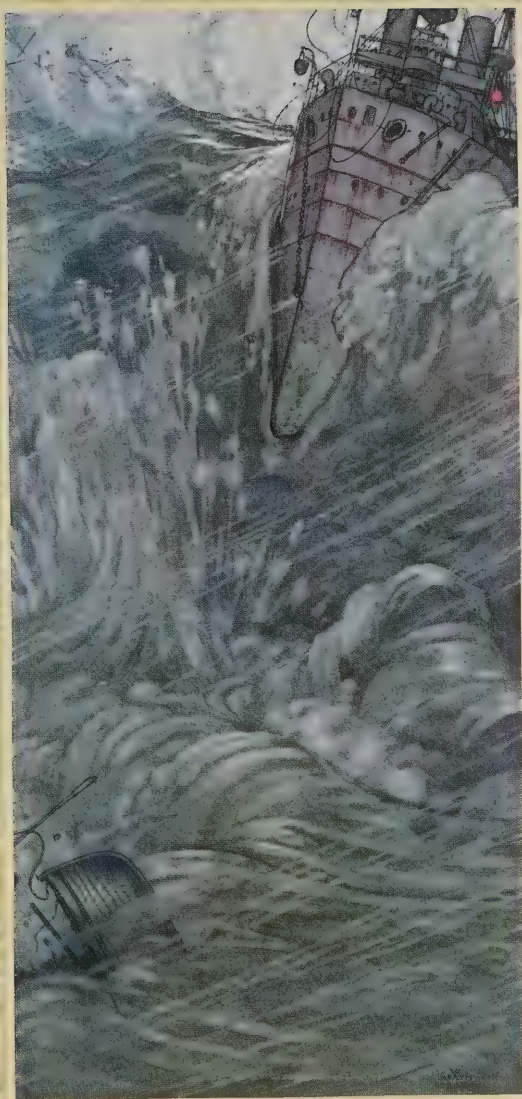








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THE SONG OF THE CITIES

BOMBAY



Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen

Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand mills roar through me where I
glean
All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA



Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to
hold.
Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but Gold!

MADRAS



Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and
brow,

Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame
now,

Brooding on ancient fame.

RANGOON



Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?

Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

SINGAPORE



Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my
aid

Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.
The second doorway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar.

HONG-KONG



Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps
Under innumerable keels to-day.
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps
Thy warships down the bay!

HALIFAX



Into the mist my guardian prow's put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I !

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL



Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait !

VICTORIA



From East to West the circling word has
passed,

Till West is East beside our land-locked
blue ;

From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true !

CAPETOWN



Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand
to hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and
pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line!

MELBOURNE



Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of
drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour-mouth!

SYDNEY



Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to
good ;

Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfast-
ness ;

The first flush of the tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success !

BRISBANE



The northern stirp beneath the southern skies—

I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed !

HOBART



Man's love first found me ; man's hate made
me Hell ;

For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

AUCKLAND



Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—

On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles !

ENGLAND'S ANSWER



X X X

MY ARM IS NOTHING WEAK, MY STRENGTH
IS NOT GONE BY

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come
together.

My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by ;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.



ENGLAND'S ANSWER



Truly ye come of The Blood ; slower to bless
than to ban ;

Little used to lie down at the bidding of any
man.

Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone
that I bare ;

Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your
fathers were.

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than
life our tether,

But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when
we come together.





My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not
gone by;

Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs
are not dry.

Look, I have made ye a place and opened
wide the doors,

That ye may talk together, your Barons and
Councillors—

Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower
Seas,

Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on
her knees!—





That ye may talk together, brother to brother's
face—

Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for
the Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The
Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine : ye shall
feel that my strength is yours :
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great
fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars
do not fall.





Draw now the threefold knot firm on the nine-
fold bands,

And the Law that ye make shall be law after
the rule of your lands.

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the
Wattle-bloom,

This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the
southern Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do
not press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me
Mother still.





Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they
must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung
words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not
in your ways,

Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole
of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of
sword and pen,

Who are neither children nor Gods, but men
in a world of men !



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